saw me reading a book on geology and asked about it. I showed him a few of its maps and pictures. He was spellbound when he saw a picture of the earth as a ball floating in space. "How strange!" he said. "I am approaching my end; they will hang me. But I never have thought about the earth under my feet. I have thought only of what is good or evil." Pavel was charged with murder; resisting arrest, he had shot and killed a police officer.

Many criminal-political prisoners were close to the Anarchists in their hatred of society. Some were hard-boiled gunmen; others, confused youths who did not know how and when they had entered the road that had brought them to the foot of the gallows. They were completely fearless. Their contempt for death came largely from lack of attachment to life. Later, when executions became an everyday routine in the Ekaterinoslav Castle, one could occasionally hear a clear, almost cheerful, boyish voice shouting in the corridor: "So long, comrades! I'm on the way to be hanged!"

Personal contact with these men showed me how false it had been to interpret the acts of violence in 1907-8 as guerrilla warfare. Those were acts of individual despair, after the collective revolutionary struggle had been crushed.

TYPHUS

Apart from the stench, filth, and noise in the overcrowded ward, conditions in the Castle were bearable. The prisoners had a daily half-hour walk in the courtyard during which one could exchange words with comrades in other wings of the prison. For a small bribe to the guard, one could also exchange uncensored letters with friends or relatives in the city. The food was bad, but the ration of half-baked rye bread was sufficient.

Suddenly typhus broke out. It started in the particularly filthy criminal wings and began to spread to other parts of the Castle. The prison hospital was packed to capacity. Stretchers with corpses began to appear in the courtyard. Our room asked the superintendent, Fetisov, to transfer the sick to the municipal typhus barracks. Our headman, himself a medical student, tried to explain to the superintendent that the infected prison could set off epidemics in the entire city. Fetisov replied, "That is above my head!"

The inmates of Room 12 tried to think of ways of attracting public attention to the typhus in the Castle. The Socialists proposed a hunger strike. The Anarchists advocated a demonstration to begin with shouting followed by smashing and burning the furniture. Since I was new and on good terms with both groups, each tried